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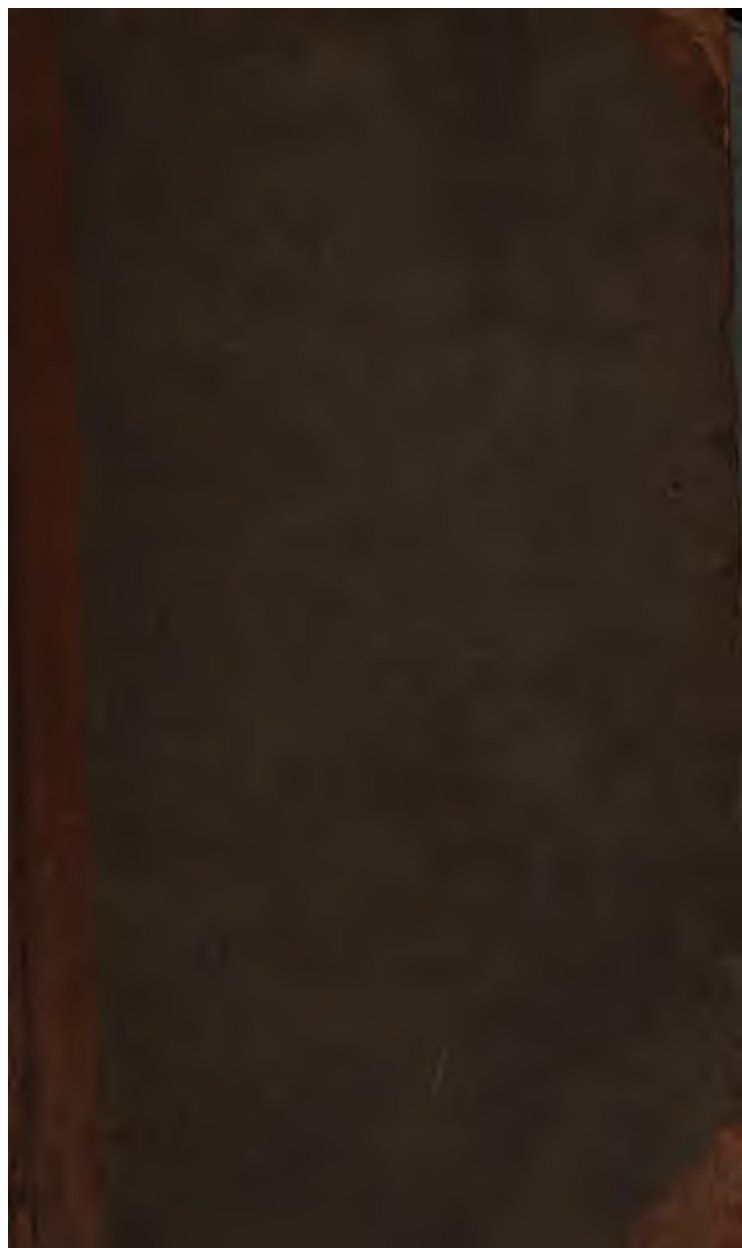
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A
NARRATIVE OF FACTS:
SUPPOSED TO THROW LIGHT ON THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
BRISTOL-STRANGER;
KNOWN BY THE NAME OF
THE MAID OF THE HAY-STACK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR H. GARDNER, NO. 200, STRAND;
MR. BULL, BATH; MR. LLOYD, BRISTOL;
MESS. EVANS AND HAZELL, GLOUCESTER;
AND MR. HARWARD, CHELTENHAM.

M.DCC.LXXXV.



249. s. 41.



T O
MISS HANNAH MORE,
A L A D Y
MOST WORTHY OF ADMIRATION,
F O R
HER POETICAL ABILITIES,
HER ELEGANT ACCOMPLISHMENTS,
A N D
HER GOODNESS OF HEART,
THIS ATTEMPT TO ELUCIDATE·
THE MYSTERIOUS STORY
OF ONE OF THE OBJECTS
OF HER BENEFICENCE ;
IS, WITH ALL RESPECT,
INSCRIBED,
BY HER MOST OBLIGED,
AND MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE TRANSLATOR.



T H E

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE following narrative was transmitted from the continent, a few days since, to a lady of distinction, who has resided some years abroad. Under the sanction of that lady's obliging consent, it is here offered to the public in an English dress.

The original tract makes its appearance without either name

or place, or any other date than that of the present year. It is entitled, “ L’INCONNUE, “ HISTOIRE VERITABLE,” and originates most probably in some part of the Imperial dominions.

By way of introduction to the narrative, the author gives us the affecting recital of the poor female stranger’s sufferings at Bristol, as published some years since in several news-papers. He leaves it to the reader to determine, whether the sufferer in both instances is one and the same person.

The

The English editor is equally desirous to submit this question to the decision of the reader; nor is it possible to attain to any thing beyond mere presumptive evidence in this matter; the poor stranger's intellects being so deranged, as to preclude any further information from that quarter.

Whatever improbability or incoherence may by an attentive reader be discoverable in her story, the *possibility* of its being true must certainly be admitted. And indeed it is on this ground that we present the following

pages to the consideration of the public: to whom we should pay but a very awkward compliment, were we to offer to their notice what appeared to ourselves impossible or absurd: such a conduct would rather be an insult offered to their understanding, than a laudable desire of contributing to their information or amusement.

If any difficulty should arise in the mind of the reader, on account of the poor wanderer's proficiency in the English language, this we think will in a great degree be solved, when it is remembered,

bered, that between the time of her dismissal from Quiévraing, and her supposed appearance in the neighbourhood of Bristol, several years had elapsed, of which no account whatever has been given : And there is no improbability in the idea, that this unfortunate stranger might, during this period of her life, have been so situated, as to have acquired a considerable knowledge of the English tongue.

To this, another circumstance may be added ; viz. the facility with which our language is attained by those who have been

ac-

accustomed to speak German. The similarity of idiom, and the connexion still subsisting between the two languages, may lead us readily to account for this. If we were called upon to illustrate our observation by an example, we have not far to go for a very striking one, in the first female personage in this kingdom; that personage, who has been graciously pleased to interest herself in behalf of the helpless female, who sought so sad a refuge in the British dominions.

We are sorry to add, from the most recent accounts, that the poor unfortunate LOUISA (for that
is

is the name by which she is called at present) is still in a state of confinement, under the humane inspection of a lady, whose character as a writer is so well established, as not to stand in need of any eulogium from us; and whose character as a benevolent christian, surpasses all that we are able to say of it. Humble merit in distress raises its head, supported by her generous exertions; and friendless, inoffensive poverty is sure of a refuge under her protection. The unhappy stranger's disorder approaches nearer to idiotism, than to lunacy—her beauty is gone—her body is pale and
ema-

emaciated—and she is become a melancholy spectacle. She has once or twice been betrayed into an acknowledgement that she understands the German language. She has been greatly affected by hearing it spoken; but has invariably maintained that artful reserve, which leaves her origin and the place of her nativity involved in uncertainty. This uncertainty we must not hope will be entirely done away, (though some light should be thrown on her story,) in those pages, from which we do not wish any longer to detain our reader.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

A TALE of REAL WOE.*

THE following little narrative is so strictly and literally true, that it does not require any ornament from fiction, or any embellishment from language. Those, for whom truth has any charms, will feel it, and to such
only

* First published in the St. James's Chronicle, about four years since.

only it is written. I shall relate it with the utmost simplicity, and the closest adherence to fact.

Near four years ago, a young woman stopped at a small village near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk.

There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and strikingly beautiful: her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree. She was alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress;

distress; yet she uttered no complaints, and used no arts to excite compassion. Her whole deportment and conversation bore visible marks of superior breeding, yet there was a wildness, an incoherence, and want of consistency in all she said and did. All day she wandered about in search of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night actually took up her lodging under an old haystack.

The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain; their bounty supplied her

her with the necessaries of life, but neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house. As she sometimes discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined.

I pass over this period of her history—it is too touching for my own feelings;—it would too tenderly affect the sensibility of the reader.

At length she was released; with all the speed her small remains of strength allowed, she flew to her beloved hay-stack, though it was six miles from the place of her confinement. Her rap-

rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable shelter.

It is now near four years since this forlorn creature has devoted herself to this desolate life, since she has known the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually injured her health, and impaired her beauty, but she is still a most interesting figure; there is an uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manner.

b

She

She is above all that vanity so common to her sex, and so natural to maniacs; for she will neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hangs them on the bushes as below her attention.

She refuses to give the least account of herself; her silence on this head is invincible; her recollection seems impaired, and her whole mind visibly disturbed; yet her answers are pertinent enough, unless she suspects the question is meant to ensnare her.

Her

Her way of life is the most harmless and inoffensive that can be imagined; every fine morning she walks round the villages, converses with the poor children, makes them little presents of such things as are given her, and receives others in return; she will take nothing except milk, tea, and the most simple diet.

No means have been left unattempted by the neighbouring ladies (one in particular, who has been her constant and unwearied benefactress) to prevail on her to live in a house; but her constant reply is, "*that trouble*

*“ and misery dwell in houses, and
 “ that there is no happiness but
 “ in liberty and fresh air.”*

[The French Author has here a note, part of which the Translator has ventured to insert into the text.

*One in particular, &c. “ This
 “ lady is named * Atking ; she
 “ resides*

* The word Atking we may suppose is here mistaken for Aikin ; the name of another female ornament of our country ; which for obvious reasons might easily be substituted for that of the poor Louisa’s real benefactress, to whom this tract is dedicated.

“ resides at Bristol, and has be-
 “ nevolently undertaken the care
 “ of our fugitive. By the most
 “ constant assiduity, she has per-
 “ suaded her to reside at the
 “ house of a surgeon in that city,
 “ where she is still living. He
 “ has contrived to gain her e-
 “ steem—but as soon as he would
 “ make any enquiry as to her
 “ birth, she lifts her finger to
 “ her lips.

“ As her aversion to sleeping
 “ in a bed subsists, a mattress is
 “ placed for her on the ground
 “ —and she often amuses herself
 “ with shaping the quilt into the
 “ imitation of a royal robe.

“ One

“ One day a coach and four
 “ passed along the street—her at-
 “ tendants ran to the windows—
 “ She enquired the cause; and
 “ then said, “ *A wonderful sight*
 “ *truly! my father's coach was*
 “ *always drawn by EIGHT HOR-*
 “ *SES.*”]

From a certain peculiarity of
 expression, with a slight foreign
 tincture in her pronunciation, and
 in the construction of some sen-
 tences, some have been led to
 conjecture, *that she is not of*
this country. Various attempts
 have been made at different times
 to draw from this circumstance
 some knowledge of her origin.

About

About a year ago a gentleman spoke to her in the languages of the continent ; she appeared uneasy, restless, and embarrassed ; but when he addressed her in GERMAN, her emotion was too great to be suppressed, she turned from him, and burst into tears.

This anecdote, which is told in the neighbourhood, was a few days ago related to two gentlemen, whom humanity led to visit this forlorn creature.

One of them, who spoke German fluently, made the experiment ; she was evidently confused, blushed, and from accident,

OF

or a knowlege in the language, *answered some questions in English*; but, feeling as if she had been hurried into an imprudence, she artfully changed the subject, and denied having understood what had been said to her.

This artless story is written with no other view but the warm hope that it may catch the eye of some one interested in this tale of woe, and the ardent wish of restoring an amiable and wretched young creature to the arms of (perhaps) a broken-hearted parent.

The

The writer heartily wishes the whole had been a fiction, and that he had not been himself an eye-witness to the distress he relates—it would have spared him many a pang of unavailing sorrow, and (although a man) some tears of useless compassion.

PHILALETHES.

+++ *The following lines (written under the idea that the Bristol-stranger was a fugitive from a Convent) will, perhaps, not be unacceptable to the public. They are extracted from a piece called "Clifton Hill," published, with several others, by ANNE YEARSLEY, a self-taught poetess of Bristol, whose works the translator is happy to recommend to the curious, and the compassionate reader.*

BENEATH

[xxvii]

BENEATH this stack Louisa's dwelling rose,
 Here the fair Maniac bore three winter's snows.
 Here long she shiver'd, stiffening in the blast,
 The light'nings round their livid horrors cast. —



She starts — then seiz'd the moment of her
 fate,

Quits the lone cloyster, and the horrid grate,
 Whilst wilder horrors to receive her wait :

Muffled, on freedom's happy plains they stand,
 And eager seize her not reluctant hand.

Too late to these mild shores the mourner came,
 For now the guilt of flight overwhelms her
 frame.



Dishevelled to her beauteous tresses fly,
 And the wild glance now fills the staring eye :
 The

[xxviii]

The balls fierce glaring in their orbits move ;

Bright spheres, (where beam'd the sparkling
fires of love)

Now roam for objects which once fill'd her
mind,

Ah ! long lost objects they must never find.

Ill-farr'd LOUISA !

A

A
N A R R A T I V E, &c.

IN the summer of the year 1768, the Count de Cobenzel, Imperial Minister at Brussels, received a letter from a lady at Bourdeaux ; the writer requested him “not to think it strange, “ if his advice and friendship were “ eagerly sought after ;” — adding, “ that the universal respect which his “ talents and his interest at Court had “ acquired, engaged her to address “ herself to him — that in a little “ time he should know who the person was, that had presumed to solicit
B “ licit

“licit his good offices, and that perhaps he would not repent of having attended to her.” This letter, which was written in very indifferent French, was signed *La Frëulen*. The Count was desired to return an answer to Mademoiselle La Frëulen, at Bourdeaux.

A short time after this, the Count received a letter from Prague, signed “Le Comte J. de Weissendorff,” in which he was intreated to give the best advice in his power to Mad.^{lle} La Frëulen—to interest himself warmly in her behalf—to write to Bourdeaux in her favor—and even to advance her money, to the amount of a thousand ducats, if she stood in need of it. The letter was concluded in these words: *When*

you

you shall know, Sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think that you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you the opportunity of doing it.

M. de Cobenzel replied to the stranger, that he was highly sensible of the honor of her good opinion — that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his power : but that it was first absolutely necessary he should be informed of her real name.

After this the Count received a letter from Vienna, signed “ Le Comte de Dietrichstein.” In this he was again requested to pay every possible attention to Mad.^{lle} La Fräulen, and in particular to entreat her to be frugal.

B 2

He

He answered this, as well as the former letter from Prague — but no notice was taken of his reply to either.

Mean while his epistolary intercourse with the young lady at Bourdeaux continued. Towards the end of the same year, the wife of a tradesman of that city, named Madame l'Englumée, came to Brussels upon business — that business having introduced her to the Count de Cobenzel, she spoke to him of La Fräulen in terms of the highest praise. She extolled her beauty, her elegance, and above all, that prudence and propriety of conduct, which did so much honor to a person, left at that tender age to her own disposal. She
 added,

added, that the young lady had a house of her own, that she was generous, expensive, and even magnificent—that she had been three years at Bourdeaux — that the distinguished attention with which the Maréchal de Richelieu treated her, the extreme resemblance of her features to those of the late Emperor, Francis the First, and the entire ignorance of all the world, as to her birth, gave rise to strange conjectures — that the young lady had often been questioned on the subject, but that she always took care to observe the most scrupulous silence as to her family.

The Count was afterwards desired by Mad.^{lle} La Fréulen, to send her an head-dress of Brussels lace, valued

at fifty louis-d'ors. This commission he executed; but some time afterwards she sent him word that she should return this head-dress, (which she had only once worn,) because she was unable to pay for it. The Count requested her not to give herself that trouble.

She likewise informed him, that she was highly displeased with the Count de Mercy-Argenteau, the Imperial Ambassador at Paris, on account of that extreme curiosity which he thought proper to express respecting her story. — She added, that all his persecution would be fruitless, because she was determined not to admit him to her confidence. She said, however, that she was ready to inform M. de Cobenzel of every particular — but
that

that the secret was too important to be trusted to chance ; and therefore she proposed to visit the Austrian Netherlands, and relate to him all her history. — In the mean time she sent him her picture, which she desired him to examine with attention, and which might perhaps lead him to some conjectures as to what she had to relate. Accordingly she sent the miniature.—The Count saw in it nothing more than the features of a very lovely woman — but Prince Charles de Lorraine thought the portrait bore a strong resemblance to the late Emperor, his brother.

The correspondence still continued — M. de Cobenzel answered all the letters in a polite, and even an affectionate manner ; but was particularly

guarded in his expressions. One day she acquainted him that she would send him two more pictures, with one of which she begged him to compare her own. The Count not receiving them, pressed her to fulfil her promise—she replied, that she had sent them to a jeweller, to take them out of a casket in which they were set with diamonds, and that as soon as the jeweller returned them, she would dispatch them to Brussels. In fact, about a fortnight afterwards, she sent him the portraits of the Emperor and Empress. — The former was known by Prince Charles to have been painted by Liotard.

In December 1768, M. de Cobenzel received a very singular letter,
dated

dated, “ VIENNA. *From my bed,*
— two in the morning”. In this the
 Count was highly commended for
 the good advice he had given the
 young stranger, and requested to
 continue his attentions. He was told
 that M. de Mercy had behaved in a
 very different manner towards her,
 and that he might one day feel the
 consequences — The writer added,
 that the poor girl had suffered
 greatly; but that it was designed
 to put her in such a situation as
 would make her ample amends;
 “ *she was so tenderly recommended to*
 “ *me by that person who was dearest*
 “ *to me in the world!*”. The Count
 was charged to inculcate œconomy,
 and particularly admonished of the
 im-

importance of the secret. This letter had no signature.

Some time afterwards, the young lady sent to M. de Cobenzel, enquiring, whether he had not received a letter concerning her? He answered in the affirmative—and that she had been recommended to his care in the strongest terms—she replied, “ I am
“ much obliged to you for your good-
“ nefs; but I will tell you honestly,
“ that if I wanted any particular fa-
“ vor, I would rather address myself
“ to God than to the Saints !”

In the beginning of the year 1769, the Count received some dispatches from Vienna, which contained several very extraordinary circumstances re-
specting

specting the stranger. The Court of Vienna had sent a requisition to that of Versailles, to arrest La Fräulen, and to send her under a strong guard to Brussels, where she was to be examined by M. de Cobenzel, and the first President, M. de Neny. Prince Charles, about the same time, received a letter from the Empress, enjoining him to be very careful that the prisoner should not escape—and bidding him spare neither pains nor expence in detaining her. Her Majesty's letter was concluded as follows—

*“ This wretch wishes to pass for the
 “ daughter of our late royal master—
 “ if there was the least probability in
 “ the story, I would love her, and
 “ treat her like one of my own children:*

“ —but

“ —but I know that it is an imposture,
 “ and I wish every possible effort to be
 “ made that this unhappy creature
 “ may no longer profane the dear and
 “ venerable name of our departed
 “ Lord.” Her Majesty recommended the strictest secrecy in carrying on the business—and added, that this adventure had already made too much noise, and that all Europe would soon ring of it.

It seems the Court of Vienna was informed of the affair in the following manner. While the Emperor was on his travels in Italy, the King of Spain received a letter, apparently written by his Imperial Majesty; informing him in confidence, that his father, the late Emperor, had left

a natural daughter, whose story was only known to his sister the Archduchess Marianne, himself, and a few faithful and confidential friends — that the young lady had been most earnestly recommended to his care by his father — and that she was resident at Bourdeaux. He intreated the King of Spain to send for her, and give her an establishment at Madrid with some lady of rank, or in a convent, where she might be treated with the care and respect due to her birth, till some plan should be fixed on for the future happiness of her life. He added, that he requested this mark of friendship of His Catholic Majesty, because he himself did not dare to undertake these

these kind offices for the person in question, lest the Empress should by some means or other hear of it, whom he wished to remain in perpetual ignorance of the story.

The King of Spain, thinking this letter very extraordinary, transmitted it to the Emperor himself, who was then at Milan, demanding some explanation of the matter. The Emperor, who had not written the letter, nor had ever heard a syllable of the adventure, sent the packet to the Empress; who made immediate enquiries about the stranger, and dispatched a messenger to Bourdeaux to seize her. She was arrested in her own house, in August 1769, by M. Carel de Ferrand, Lieutenant of the

the Marechausée of the Province of Guienne, who was her intimate friend, and whose nephew had solicited her hand; but this, for reasons that will afterwards appear, she had peremptorily refused. As soon as the rumor of her arrest was spread about the city, her creditors took the alarm; and Madame L'Englumée, the very person who had given such an advantageous character of her to M. de Cobenzel, came to insult her in so brutal a manner, that M. de Ferrand ordered her to be turned out of the apartment.

Fear and distress took off much of La Fräulen's beauty—she had continual spasms in her stomach, attended with spitting of blood; which
obliged

obliged her to travel very slowly. At length she arrived at Bruffels, attended by M. de Poyot, an officer under M. de Ferrand. While she was on her journey, and almost immediately before she quitted the French dominions, a person unknown, dressed like a courier, put a billet into her hands at the coach-window, and then fled with the utmost precipitation. She begged her guide to read the billet, which only contained these words—" My dear
" girl, every thing has been at-
" tempted to save you: keep up
" your spirits, and do not despair."
She protested that she neither knew the courier, nor the hand writing.

On

On her arrival at Bruffels, she was immediately taken to the house of the Count de Cobenzel. She was dressed in a gown of grey taffeta, a black cloak, and a veil of white gauze, which covered her face, and which she took off when she entered the minister's apartment. Her figure would have interested the most insensible heart in her favour. She was tall and elegantly formed—her air was at once simple and majestic—her complexion fair; her arms delicately turned—her hair brown, and calculated to receive the embellishments of art to the greatest advantage.—She had that freshness of colour which no borrowed tints can imitate; fine dark eyes, and a look which

expressed every emotion of her soul. She spoke French with a German accent, and appeared much confused, but without any particular symptom of female weakness.

Her alarm was soon dissipated by that confidence which M. de Cobenzel so well knew how to inspire—in her letters she had always called him her Father—when in his presence she addressed him by the same endearing name — she would have kissed his hand, but he prevented her by catching her in his arms. He sat down near her — talked to her on the subject of her health—desired her to make herself perfectly easy—and told her she should have the utmost attention and the kindest treat-

treatment, if she would strictly adhere to truth.—She repeated several times,

“ Yes, my dear father, I will inform

“ you of every thing—I am a good

“ girl, and never injured any human

“ creature. It is true, I have con-

“ tracted some debts—but was that

“ a crime? I had been plentifully

“ supplied with money, and expected

“ a continuation of my allowance.”

All her distress appeared to arise

from the circumstance of her debts—

those she considered as her only faults,

and as the sole cause of her having

been apprehended. She inveighed

against the cruelty of Madame L’En-

glumée—she said, that M. de Ferrand

had assured her, the sum due to that

woman should only be paid in part,

as she had grossly deceived her in the price of every article that she had sold her. She expressed no concern whatever at her being a prisoner, and only asked M. de Cobenzel if she might not remain at his house. The Count frankly told her that this was impossible; assuring her at the same time, that she should be treated with all imaginable respect in an apartment he had prepared for her in the fortress of Monterel, which was at a very little distance from Brussels; and that if she wanted anything, she had but to express her wish, and her commands should immediately be obeyed. He promised to wait on her there the next day; and she took her leave of him, to all
ap-

appearance in a state of perfect tranquillity. She was conducted to Fort Monterel, under the guard of Major de Camerlang, a man of sense and good nature; and M. de Neny had taken care to provide a female attendant for her. The next day the Count went to see her—he found her in very good spirits; she seemed delighted with her apartment, and pleased with the conduct of those about her. The Count offered her the use of any books from his library. She thanked him; but said she never had a moment which hung heavy on her hands, so much was her mind taken up with visionary projects for her future life—the truth was, she could neither read nor write. M. de Camerlang taught

her to sign her name, while she was in confinement. The cause of this ignorance will presently be explained.

The next day her examination began. M. de Cobenzel and the President went to Fort Montereau, at ten in the morning. The Count de Neny, who had not as yet seen the prisoner, was extremely surprised at her striking resemblance to the late Emperor. They asked her, where she was born? she said, she knew not, but that she had been told the place where she was educated, was called Bohemia. She was asked if that place was a town? and what was the earliest incident in the course of her life that she could remember? she said,

said, that the place where she was brought up, was a little sequestered house in the country; that there was neither town nor village near it—and that before her inhabiting this house, she had not the least recollection of any thing which had happened to her. That in her infancy she had been under the care of two women, one about fifty years old, the other about thirty. That she called the first *Mama*, the second Catherine—that she slept in the apartment of the first-named woman, and that both of them treated her with much kindness and affection—that from time to time, an Ecclesiastic, (as she has since suspected a Jesuit) came to say mass in an apartment in the house,

and to teach her the catechism — that the woman she named “mama,” had begun to instruct her in reading and writing, but that the priest opposed it, from the moment it came to his knowledge; and from that time she was taught no more. However, she added, that he always treated her with infinite respect.

She said, that about a year after this, a handsome man, in a hunting suit, accompanied by another gentleman, dressed in the same manner, came to the house where she resided. That she was immediately sent for; when the stranger embraced her, placed her on his knees, caressed her much, and recommended it to her to be good and submissive. She doubts

doubts not that this person had seen her before, because she recollects that he thought her grown taller, and altered; but she never remembers having seen him at any former time.

About eighteen months afterwards, he returned, accompanied by the same attendant as before, and even in the very same dress. She said, that, at this second interview, the features of her unknown visitor made so strong an impression on her mind, that had she never seen him more, he should not have forgotten them. he says he was of a middling size, and rather corpulent, had an open countenance, a ruddy complexion, a dark beard, and a little white spot
upon

upon one of his temples. She observed that M. de Neny bore some distant resemblance to the person she spoke of, particularly in the lower part of his face—she said further, that at this second interview, remarking somewhat red that appeared about the stranger's neck under his riding-coat, she asked him what it was? he replied, it was a mark of distinction worn by officers—she, ignorant in every particular, enquired what he meant by an officer? “They are,” said he, Men of Honor, Gallantry and Spirit, whom “you must love, because you are “the daughter of an officer yourself.” She added, that at this second visit she found herself extremely attached to the stranger—and
that

that when he took his leave, she shed a flood of tears; at which he appeared much affected, and promised her soon to return.

He did not keep his word—for he returned not till two years after; and when she reproached him with absenting himself so long, he told her, that at the time he had fixed for coming to her, he had been violently ill, in consequence of overheating himself in the chace.

[N. B. Prince Charles recollected, that at a time corresponding with that above mentioned, the Emperor was in fact taken ill on his return from hunting.]

This third interview, which was the last, furnishes the most interesting

ing anecdotes. The stranger desired to be left alone with her. When he told her of his illness, she shed tears—he was himself melted, and asked her why she wept? “ Because “ I love you.” He assured her that he felt equal love for her—that he would take care of her—would make her rich and happy—would give her a palace, money, and attendants; and that her domestics should wear yellow and blue liveries. He asked her, afterwards, if she did not wish to see the queen? she replied, she did not know what a queen meant. “ A queen is the first lady in the “ kingdom, and highly to be respect- “ ed as such; you would love her “ much if you knew her—but that, “ for the sake of her peace of mind, you

“ you must never do.” — He then presented her with the two pictures, which she had sent from Bourdeaux to M. de Cobenzel. She said, she told the stranger, that one was his own picture—he allowed it; and bade her keep it as long as she lived, as well as that of the Empress: and a third picture, which he afterwards gave her, of a female, whose features were half-concealed by a veil. This, he told her, was her own mother. The pictures were in a blue silk purse that contained a great quantity of ducats. The stranger, when he quitted the young lady, assured her she should soon be happy, and not have a wish ungratified; but that she must promise him never to marry, and to keep that vow always
in

in her remembrance. After this he took leave of her with the utmost tenderness, and she herself was extremely affected.

She related, that in the interval between the stranger's first and second visit, there came one day, accompanied by two men, a lady, who asked to see her—the lady was dressed in a style of great simplicity—was of moderate stature, fair, of a pleasing aspect, and rather inclining to corpulence. This lady looked at her with great earnestness, and began to weep—she asked her several indifferent questions, and then embracing her two or three times, said, “My child, you are indeed unhappy!”—Her emotion was so great, that she called :

called for a glass of water to keep her from fainting—she drank it, and departed immediately. Mad.^{lle} la Freülen said, that she could not be positive, whether the picture which the stranger gave her at his last visit, bore any resemblance to this lady.

When the examination had proceeded thus far, it was observed that the young prisoner began to prevaricate about the circumstances of her story. Yet even after this was discovered, she persisted in most solemnly declaring, that till now, and indeed till her quitting the house where she was educated, her narrative had been faithful in all its particulars. Every incident was thoroughly examined

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 A fortnight after her ar-
 lady's house, a letter was
 her, addressed to Made-
 Felicia Juliana de Schonau,
 which, at her leaving Bohe-
 Priest told her she was in
 to consider as her own. Ma-
 Guillaumot, by her desire, read
 ter to her.— It contained rules
 her future conduct, and assuran-
 that she should be amply sup-
 and with money — she was advised
 the writer to remain with Madame
 Guillaumot ; but to persuade that lady
 to dismiss all her other boarders, and
 devote her attention to her alone.

tharine and her mama in the week preceding her departure, had given her most frightful ideas of the life to which she thought herself condemned for the remainder of her days. She could not tell what towns she passed through ; but said, that on her arrival at Hamburgh, the priest, after dismissing Catharine, made her embark on board a vessel freighted for Bourdeaux. The moment she took ship, a man, to all appearance about fifty years old, came to offer her his services, saying, that he would take

care of her during her voyage. On their arrival at Bourdeaux, this man, who had acquired great influence over her, took her to the house of a German merchant.

that city ; and the wife of this merchant placed her with Madame Guillaumot, with whom she remained during the whole time of her stay in Bourdeaux. A fortnight after her arrival at this lady's house, a letter was brought to her, addressed to Mademoiselle Felicia Juliana de Schonau, a name which, at her leaving Bohemia, the Priest told her she was in future to consider as her own. Madame Guillaumot, by her desire, read this letter to her.— It contained rules for her future conduct, and assurances, that she should be amply supplied with money — she was advised by the writer to remain with Madame Guillaumot ; but to persuade that lady to dismiss all her other boarders, and devote her attention to her alone.

This letter was concluded without either signature or date, and it enjoined her to be discreet, and to forbear making too curious enquiries. — Some days after this, a gentleman came to her house, and, without any preface, put a purse of a thousand louis d'ors into her hands; only adding, that he was commanded to advance her that sum for the purchase of furniture. She asked him, from whence the money came? he begged her to make herself easy, and not to be curious. — She says she has reason to think this man was an Ecclesiastic. She then took a house and furnished it. Madame Guillaumot went thither as her companion — and she lived at Bourdeaux amongst persons of the first

first consequence, till the day of her confinement.

The manner in which the stranger told the tale of her embarking at Hamburgh and her arrival at Bourdeaux, appearing highly improbable, M. de Cobenzel told her, it was evident, that her story was untrue.—He bade her remember what he told her the day of her arrival at Brussels; “that the only way to obtain the favour and protection of the Empress, “was to be ingenuous and sincere”—that it was on this condition alone he had offered her his best services; but that, as he found she had deceived him, he should now abandon her to the consequences of her imposture. As the Count said this, he looked at

her with a fixed and severe countenance, which disconcerted her the more, as till now she had only seen that air of tenderness and politeness, which marked his character. She was all confusion — and M. de Cobenzel having risen from his seat, as if about to depart, she held him by his cloaths, and throwing herself at his feet, said, with many tears, that it was true she had much to relate to him, but she would say no more in the presence of Monsieur de Neny's secretary. As soon as that gentleman had left the room, she fell down again on her knees, and with renewed expressions of grief, entreated M. de Cobenzel to take pity upon her; confessed that she had deceived him in
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the account of her embarkation at **Hamburgh**; but called Heaven to witness, that all which she had said of her education in **Bohemia** was true, to the most minute circumstance. She afterwards always persisted in this assertion, nor ever varied, in the smallest particular, when cross-examined, at different times, as to the former part of her life. — And thus she told anew the story of her departure.

When the priest came to take her from her house in **Bohemia**, he told her, that he was going to conduct her to a convent in **France**. Ignorant as she was, the little which **Catharine** and her **mama** had told her of a religious life, taught her to con-

sider it as an horrible prison, from which there was no escape — and this idea had so disturbed her mind, that from the moment of her quitting her habitation in Bohemia, she had formed the project of flying, as soon as possible, from such captivity. — During her journey to Hamburgh, she found no opportunity of executing her design—but her alarms were so much increased, when on her arrival in that city, she saw the sea, and the ships, that on the eve of the day fixed for her departure, she rose from Catharine's side as she slept, made a little parcel of one gown and some linen, took the purse with the three pictures, and the 100 ducats which the stranger had given her, and at
break

break of day left the city. She walked a long time; till spent with fatigue and terror, she took refuge in the barn of a farmer, and there fell asleep. The owner of the premises found her, and struck with her youth and beauty, civilly offered her a little room, and the best bed in his house, which she accepted.

Her fears not suffering her to continue so near to Hamburgh, she soon quitted this retreat. She wished to give some proof of her gratitude to the honest people who had afforded her protection; but they would accept of nothing. From hence, mounted on a wretched carriage, she took the road towards Sweden.—The third day of her journey, she fell from the vehicle,

vehicle, and received so dangerous a wound in her head, that it was necessary to take her to a neighbouring inn, and call in the assistance of a surgeon.

It happened, that a Dutch family called at this inn in their way to Sweden — these people defrayed the expences of her sickness, and, out of compassion, suffered her to join their travelling party. [At her examination, she told the names of these Hollanders, as well as that of a Lutheran priest who was with them, and who, at this present time, is private tutor to a merchant's children in Hamburgh.] When she arrived at Stockholm, she quitted her fellow travellers, and went to lodge at the house of a German woman, whose husband

husband had a small post under Government. This woman, happily for the stranger, was a person of great integrity, and conceived the tenderest friendship for her. While she resided here, her hair-dresser told her one day, that the Count de Belgioioso, Imperial Minister at Stockholm, was making strict inquiry after a young lady that had eloped from Hamburg. The stranger, who began to form an idea of the consequences of her flight, and whom the apprehensions of poverty terrified still more than the thoughts of a convent, told her informer, that she was the person sought after, and permitted him to make this discovery to the Ambassador. The next day she

re-

received a billet from that Minister, inviting her to his house. The billet was read to her by a girl that waited upon her, named Sophia — she did not hesitate a moment, but repaired that day to the Count de Belgioso. He received her with great respect; asked her the circumstances of her departure from Hamburgh — and it being (as he thought by her replies,) evident that she was the person whom he sought, he told her, that he was instructed to take the greatest care of her, and that he would go to see whether she was in convenient lodgings. He offered her money, which she accepted, for the blue purse was entirely empty. M. de Belgioso went to visit her the next day—he told her
she

she must stay no longer in such a place, and that he would procure her a more commodious apartment near his own house. In two days she went to this apartment — it was at the house of a tradesman: and Sophia continued about her person.—M. de Belgiofo sent her a lacquey, and furnished her with provisions from his own table. Not long afterwards, he told her that she had been still more strongly recommended to his protection, and that she must take up her abode at his house; and accordingly she went thither the same afternoon.

She says, that while she was at the house of M. de Belgiofo, she was so affected by the sight of a picture, perfectly resembling the stranger who
came

came three times to see her at her dwelling in Bohemia, that she swooned away upon the spot. [The Count de Belgioſo has by letter confirmed this aſſertion; and it ſeems the picture was that of the Emperor Francis.] It was with the greateſt difficulty that they recovered her from her fainting-fit; and a violent fever was the conſequence, which very nearly proved fatal to her. She ſays, ſhe grew taller during this illneſs, which laſted ſix weeks, and was ſo much altered, that ſhe appeared to be thirty years old, though ſhe could not at this time have been above ſixteen.

When ſhe was perfectly recovered, the Ambaſſador told her, he had received advice from Hamburgh, that
ſhe

she had quitted that city in company with a young Englishman. She denied it in the most solemn manner, because she had no English acquaintance whatever : but M. de Belgioso persisted in his accusation so long, that, wearied out with constant persecution on the subject, she confessed herself guilty of a crime that she knew was falsely laid to her charge.

This rash confession, as well as many other instances of imprudence in her conduct, she attempted to palliate, in a manner that very strongly proved her simplicity and ignorance of the world. This ignorance extended to such a degree, that M. St. Gere, Assistant to the Imperial Consul at Bourdeaux, who
was

was sent for to Brussels during the prisoner's examination, deposed, that while he was her secretary at Bourdeaux, she wished him to sign a feigned name to a letter—and when he remonstrated, that she could not make use of a name that was not her own, she replied, “ Who can forbid
 “ my doing any thing that I wish?
 “ May I not assume any name, any
 “ signature, at my pleasure?”

It must be observed, that at the time of her elopement from Ham-
 burgh, the daughter of a merchant
 in that city was carried off by a
 young Englishman; and this adven-
 ture, being confounded with that of
 our heroine, gave the Ambassador
 those suspicions which she had the
 folly

folly to confirm. It is evident that after this confession, M. de Belgioso believed her to be the merchant's daughter, and not the young lady who had been recommended to his care : because a little time after this, he told her, he was mistaken as to her person, and advised her to return to Hamburgh. He gave her 25 louis d'ors for her travelling expences, and entrusted her to the care of a merchant who was then on his return to that city. On her arrival at Hamburgh, she anxiously sought after those persons, whom she had quitted with so much precipitation—she walked every day on the quay, and in the most frequented parts of the town.

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At this time, a man, in appearance about fifty years old, and plainly dressed, who had followed her at a distance for several days, at last accosted her, and proposed to her to go to Bourdeaux. She consented to it the more readily, because she recollected that the priest had wished her to embark for that place—and she supposed, that by following the plan at first marked out for her, she should the more easily meet with those who interested themselves about her fate. The man whom she met on the quay embarked with her—her voyage was prosperous in every particular, and he attended her during the course of it in the manner she had at first related. The prisoner
always

always persisted in saying that every circumstance she had mentioned, of her arrival at Bourdeaux, and her adventures in that city, was most scrupulously true.

Soon after she had taken a house of her own, to which Madame Guillamot accompanied her, she received an anonymous letter, in which she was commanded to go to the Duke de Richelieu, and ask that protection, of which she stood so much in need. The writer pressed her the more earnestly to do this, because the Duke was already acquainted with the particulars of her story. Accordingly she went to the Duke's palace. He informed her that he had received a letter from the Princess d'Aversberg,

recommending Mad.^{l^e} de Schonau in the strongest terms to his care. He made her a thousand offers of service, and according to his custom, said more than a woman of honor ought to hear. She burst into tears, and on her knees implored his pity; and the Duke on his part, made apologies for his imprudence.

A few days after this he came to her house, and earnestly recommended it to her to learn the French language, which as yet she understood very imperfectly. M. de Richelieu paid her several other visits, and always treated her with the highest respect. She was a constant guest at all his entertainments, and when any questions were asked him concerning her, he made

made this uniform reply—" *She is a lady of great distinction.*"

The rest of the examination consisted of minute circumstances, foreign to our purpose; and chiefly respected the company with whom she associated during her residence at Bourdeaux. It must not however be forgotten, that she had there two very advantageous offers of marriage: the one from M. de —; the other from the nephew of M. de Ferrand, a counsellor of the parliament of Bourdeaux. She refused both; conceiving herself bound to perpetual celibacy by the promise she had made the stranger in Bohemia.

It is necessary to mention her pecuniary resources. We have already observed, that while she lived with Madame Guillaumot, a person unknown presented her with a purse containing a thousand louis d'ors. This same person brought her several sums of money afterwards, at different times; and she received through this channel about 150,000 livres, without ever learning, or being able to discover to whom she was obliged for this noble allowance. As all this tended to confirm her in her ideas that she belonged to a very wealthy family, she spent this money as fast as she received it. All at once her remittances stopped. She had little or no money by her — so that in a short time,

time, as she made no alteration whatever in her style of living, she contracted debts to the amount of 60,000 livres, which remained undischarged at the time of her being arrested at Bourdeaux.

In the desperate situation to which the menaces of her creditors reduced her, she took the wild resolution of fabricating those letters, which when presented to her at her examination, she owned were dictated by herself. As, first, the letter to M. de Cobenzel, dated, "VIENNA — *From my bed* — *two in the morning.*"—Another, signed, "Le Comte J. de Weissen-dorff."—Another to the Emperor, addressed to Florence. — Another to the Bavarian Minister at Paris. —

And, lastly, the letter to the King of Spain, which had led to the discovery. But though she frankly confessed the having sent all these letters, she declared at the same time her perfect ignorance of that signed “Le Comte de Dietrichstein” — and of several others, which the Counts de Cobenzel and de Neny had received from time to time concerning her.

It is observable, that her simplicity was so great, as to make it impossible to explain to her how highly criminal she had been, in procuring forged letters on subjects of such importance. She made the same reply now, that she had done to M. St. Gere at Bourdeaux. — Nay, she innocently persisted in it, that she
thought

thought she had acted right — because the extraordinary education that had been given her, the conjectures she had formed of her parentage, the portraits which gave such weight to those conjectures, and the considerable sums that had been remitted to her, could not but lead her to suspect, that she was the late Emperor's daughter—She declared that she had never uttered her thoughts to any human creature: but finding herself all at once utterly forsaken, she concluded the person was dead, who had the charge of furnishing her with money. — And as she supposed that this person alone was acquainted with the place of her abode, she concluded that her supplies only ceased, because her residence was

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no longer known. However, as she thought it highly probable that her father might have entrusted more than one person with the secret of her birth, she hoped, by writing to all the most illustrious servants of the house of Austria, to find some one, who knowing her history, might place her in that situation which her father had designed for her. She said further, that she did not write these letters in her own name, because she would not expose herself to the troublesome curiosity of those, who not being in the secret, would immediately make enquiry about her birth. That if but one of those letters had fallen into the hands of any person acquainted with her story, that person would im-

immediately have known more particulars of her life than she herself could know. In the mean time, her suspicions being unsupported by positive proof, all that she could say would not prevent her passing for an impostor. She added, that a strong argument of her conscious innocence, and of her firm persuasion that she was really the Emperor's daughter, might be drawn from the circumstance of her having pointed out the place of her abode in all her letters; every one of which tended to put her in the power of the court of Vienna — that court, which was alone interested in punishing a fraud of this nature. — She affirmed, that she never had consulted any person
what-

whatever as to the steps she had taken — and she particularly denied having written the letter, signed “ The Princess d’Aversberg,” which the Duke de Richelieu received soon after her arrival at Bourdeaux.

One remark ought to be made upon this letter. The Duke immediately sent a polite answer to the Princess d’Aversberg, stating, “ that in consequence of her recommendation, he would treat Mad.^{lle} de Schönau with all possible respect, and would afford her every service in his power.” This letter was delivered to the Princess by M. du Chatelet, at that time the French Ambassador at Vienna. We may naturally suppose, that if she had not written

written to the Duke in favor of the stranger, she would immediately have answered, that she knew not such a person as Mad.^{lle} de Schonau; for no one would willingly second any imposture—but she made no answer whatever. It is natural therefore to suppose, that she did write the letter of recommendation—and that consequently she knew all the mysteries of the stranger's birth. This being the case, what motive could have induced the Empress so expressly to guard her ministers against asking any questions whatever of the Princess d'Aversberg? This would infallibly have led to a discovery of the whole story.

The

The account which the prisoner gave of the late Duke of York is likewise very important. As soon as his Royal Highness arrived at Bourdeaux, he sent to inform Mad.^{lle} de Schonau, that he had an affair of great consequence to communicate to her ; and he requested her to appoint some time, when he might see her, without the knowledge of any person in the city. She replied, that if he wished for secrecy, she thought the most private hour would be at six in the morning, after a ball given by the Duke de Richelieu. His Royal Highness came at the appointed time. He told her, that the intent of his visit was to learn the amount of her debts, and that he was commanded by a
 lady

lady of quality to give her a sum of money. She confessed to him, that her creditors importuned her greatly for 60,000 livres. He desired her to make herself perfectly easy, and the same day sent her 700 louis d'ors; informing her, that he would soon furnish her with money sufficient to discharge all her debts. His Royal Highness left Bourdeaux on the morrow.

A short time after this she fell sick. One morning, whilst St. Gere was by her bedside, a letter was brought her from the Duke of York, dated "Monaco." St. Gere began to read, as follows — "*I was about to send you the remainder of your money; but when I left your house, I received*"

“ *ceived a letter, which positively com-*
 “ *manded me to give you no more than*
 “ *a part of it. I have written to the*
 “ *Princess d’Av——*”. St. Gere ha-
 read thus far, she snatched the letter
 out of his hands, and would not suf-
 fer him to finish it. [All the cir-
 cumstances respecting this letter have
 been since proved.]

When she was asked, why she
 snatched the letter out of St. Gere’s
 hands? and who was the princess
 mentioned in it? she replied, it was
 the Princess d’Aversberg — that she
 herself did not know her; but the
 Duke of York had told her, that the
 Princess interested herself much in
 her behalf; and that *she* knew all
 the

the mystery of her birth—she said, that when she heard the first syllable of her name, she feared there might be something in the remainder of the letter more immediately respecting the princess—or that it might contain the secret of her story, with which she wished St. Gere to be for ever unacquainted. At these words, she drew from her pocket the Duke of York's letter. M. de Neny read it aloud. The remainder was as follows:

*“ I have written to the Princess
 “ D’AVERSBERG ; and have requested
 “ permission, at least to send you the
 “ sum you want to shelter you from
 “ the pursuits of your creditors —
 “ but ——— ! ”*

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In a few days after her receiving this letter, the stranger heard of his Royal Highness's death. She sent to the persons who were appointed to examine his papers, requesting them to return her picture and her letters. One letter only was found, which was sent her, as well as her picture; and another portrait, which afterwards she presented to M. de Camerlang, at Fort Monterel.

The examination, after twenty-four sittings, being entirely finished, Messrs. de Cobenzel and De Neny seriously considered what steps were most proper to be taken in consequence of it. The Court having desired them to give their opinion, they agreed, "That the most prudent measure

“ sure would be to place the poor
 “ girl in some distant convent, and
 “ there keep her, till time should
 “ throw some light on this mysterious
 “ affair.” At the moment when this
 opinion was to have been transmitted
 to Vienna, M. de Neny received a
 letter from his father (private secretary
 to the Empress) which stated,
 that from the examination, which had
 been sent from time to time to court,
 her Imperial Majesty had formed a
 very disadvantageous opinion of the
 stranger; and that she was determined
 to treat her with the utmost severity.
 After reading these dispatches, M. de
 Neny’s sentiments were so entirely
 changed, that he proposed sending
 the unhappy prisoner to Bourdeaux,

and there putting her into the power of her creditors. He even sent this to Vienna, as his opinion. But the Count de Cobenzel, whom no consideration whatever could induce to change those sentiments which honor and humanity dictated, feared not, in behalf of innocence, to displease his sovereign herself: and wrote as follows. —

“ Though it appears to me, that the
 “ prisoner is not the daughter of the
 “ Emperor, there are, however, cir-
 “ cumstances in her story, which
 “ throw a mysterious perplexity over
 “ her birth; and in this state of un-
 “ certainty, I cannot be of Monsieur
 “ de Neny’s opinion. I likewise
 “ think, that the measure proposed
 by

“ by that gentleman, of sending her
 “ back to her creditors, is repug-
 “ nant to the well-known clemency
 “ and benevolence of her Imperial
 “ Majesty, and at the same time mi-
 “ litates against her wish, that this
 “ affair should be buried in silence,
 “ as much as possible. If the poor
 “ wretch be sent to her creditors,
 “ she will be reduced to the fatal
 “ and horrible alternative of perish-
 “ ing without relief in a prison, or
 “ of seeking support in infamy it-
 “ self, by means of her beauty and
 “ personal recommendations.--And
 “ perhaps the Empress may be in-
 “ duced to pity this unfortunate
 “ young woman, when her Ma-
 “ jesty is assured that her morals

“ appear to have been as yet irre-
 “ proachable. Besides, to send her
 “ again to Bourdeaux, would be to
 “ give weight to those reports which
 “ ought to be suppressed — be-
 “ cause all the world will say, that
 “ the imposture not having been
 “ punished, the story of her birth
 “ must needs have been in some
 “ measure believed. The objection,
 “ *that it will be necessary to pay her*
 “ *debts, if we do not put her a-*
 “ *gain in the hands of her creditors,*
 “ appears to me trifling, when com-
 “ pared with those serious evils,
 “ which will result from follow-
 “ ing my colleague's opinion. Her
 “ debts do not amount to 60,000
 “ livres—she has effects of confide-
 “ rable

“ rable value at Bourdeaux, the sale
 “ of which will produce a great part
 “ of that sum; and the remainder
 “ appears to me below the confide-
 “ ration of her Imperial Majesty’s
 “ munificent heart. This genero-
 “ sity will give the Empress an ab-
 “ solute right to dispose of the un-
 “ fortunate prisoner in such a man-
 “ ner, as to rescue her from the dan-
 “ gers of seduction. My opinion
 “ therefore is,

“ That her Imperial Majesty send
 “ the stranger to a convent in the
 “ Tirol, or some other distant pro-
 “ vince of her dominions, where no
 “ rumor of the story hath hitherto
 “ been circulated. — She may there
 “ pass a life of peace and obscurity

“ at

“ at a trifling expence to the Em-
 “ press; and, if time should throw
 “ any light on her history — if she
 “ should appear to belong to per-
 “ sons of rank and distinction, as
 “ the large sums put into her hands
 “ lead us to believe — we shall not
 “ have to reproach ourselves with
 “ those misfortunes, to which this
 “ young creature will inevitably be
 “ exposed, if M. de Neny’s advice
 “ should be taken. Indeed I look upon
 “ it to be dangerous on every account.
 “ I should even prefer the putting
 “ the prisoner to death at once, if
 “ this was not totally irreconcilable
 “ with every idea of her Imperial
 “ Majesty’s clemency. If the Court
 “ deign to listen to my opinion,
 the

“ the young lady’s property may be
 “ sold, and her debts paid, without
 “ any suspicion on the part of her
 “ creditors, that the Empress is con-
 “ cerned. And this they must not
 “ think, lest they should be led to
 “ suppose that her Imperial Majesty
 “ is actuated by *something more* than
 “ mere pity. It will be sufficient to
 “ write, as from the stranger, to a
 “ banker at Bourdeaux ; ordering
 “ him to sell her furniture and ef-
 “ fects, and to take an exact account
 “ of her debts : whatever it may be
 “ necessary to add may be sent in
 “ the young lady’s name—and her
 “ creditors, satisfied with being paid,
 “ and having been accustomed to
 “ see her in possession of consider-
 G “ able

“ able sums, will have no reason to
 “ suspect the benevolent hand, which
 “ affords her this last succor.”

This wise advice was not followed ;
 and that of the Count de Neny's was
 impracticable. The Duke de Choiseul
 refused to grant the passport necessary
 to conduct the unhappy prisoner to
 Bourdeaux. In vain M. de Barré,
 (Secretary to the Embassy at Paris,
 and Chargé des Affaires in the Count
 de Mercy's absence,) represented to
 the Duke, that her creditors would
 be injured, if their debtor was not
 restored to them — he seemed to
 think it a plea of no consequence, and
 persisted in his refusal.

The day before M. de Cobenzel's
 death, after he had received the sa-
 crament,

crament, he said to a confidential friend, who had been made acquainted with every circumstance respecting the stranger : “ I have just received dispatches from Vienna, charging me to acquaint the Court with the prisoner’s whole history — by no means to dismiss her — and to take no step without fresh orders.” He alluded to a letter just received from M. de Kaunitz. The Count immediately burnt it ; adding, by way of reflexion, “ *You see an honest man’s opinion will sometimes prevail*”.

He died the next day : and it is probable, that but for this misfortune, the affair would have ended in a very different manner. If similar orders
came

came to any other person, they came too late.

Four days after his death, the stranger was taken out of prison—a Sub-Lieutenant of the Marechaussée of Brabant conducted her to Quiévrain, a small town between Mons and Valenciennes—fifty louis d'ors were put into her hands—and she was abandoned to her wretched destiny.

††† *This narrative is a faithful abstract of the twenty-four examinations, which M. DE COBENZEL's nephew, the COUNT DE CORONINY, who himself was present during all of them, communicated to the Author.*

THE END.

